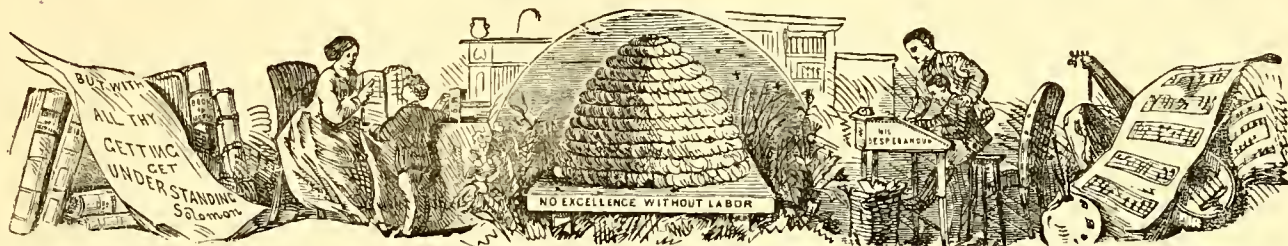


# THE JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR.

HOLINESS TO THE LORD.



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## GRACE DARLING AND HER FATHER.

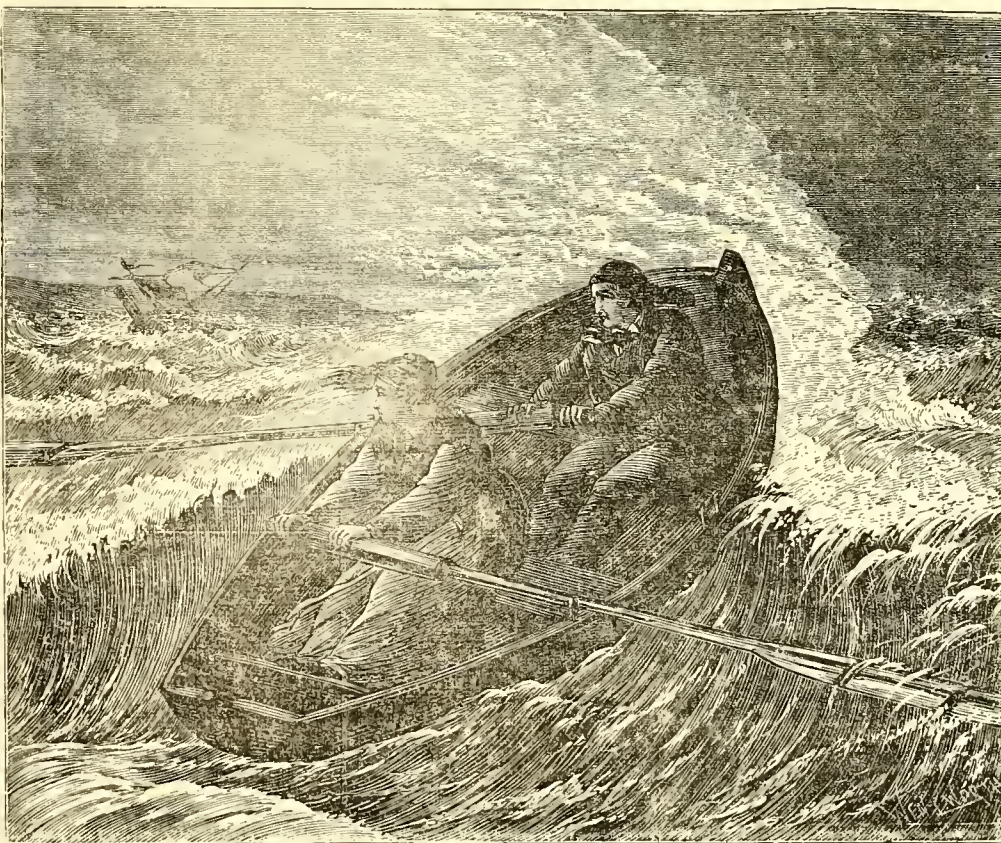
GRACE DARLING was a fair-haired simple lass, who lived with her father and mother on a lonely rock called the "Longstone," one of a group of bare and desolate islands off the coast of Northumberland, where her father had been lighthouse keeper for many years. He was an active, intelligent old man, knowing many a tale of storm and peril; and would sit for hours trimming his lamps and chatting to his daughter about the stormy nights when the sea had dashed some good ships all to pieces, and scattered the rocks with spars and ropes; telling the tale of terrible midnight wrecks, when perhaps even the dead bodies of women and children had been washed there, stark and still, until, at these pitiful tales, the girl's blue eyes would fill with tears, and the old man would rub and polish the lantern more than ever, determined that no care of his should be wanting to prevent such a disaster.

It had been a fine summer; but September had begun with rough and stormy weather, when one night, as the wind was howling and the storm raging, the good ship *Forfarshire* was passing through the "Fairway," between the Farne Islands and the coast. She cut her way bravely at first, but

presently she sprang a leak, and, try as he would, the ship's carpenter could not stop it. All hands were at the pumps, working for dear life, but still the water rose, the vessel rolled and pitched about, the engine fires were washed out, sleet and mist and fog closed around them, and the crippled vessel drifted about helplessly, rolling and tossing at the mercy of the waves, with the rocky coast on one side, and far away

through the haze and darkness, the distant glimmer of light from the Longstone lighthouse.

Before morning the *Forfarshire* had struck. One half dashed at once to pieces, the other left impaled upon the cruel rock, the captain and many of the passengers disappeared forever in the waves, while around the windlass clung about a dozen poor fellows, holding on in their wild despair, calling for help where it



seemed no help could possibly come; where every wave threatened to wash them away as it broke over them, seeming to triumph in their horror. In the fore-cabin lay a poor mother, with her two little children clutched tightly in her arms. Even in death they would not be separated. She called upon God to spare them, if such should be His will; if not, to take them soon from this scene of horror.



The light-house keeper and his family had slept little through that rough and stormy night, and with the grey dawn they stood upon the rock. Even now the sea was raging fiercely, and a heavy mist almost hid all the islands from sight. Grace, looking through a telescope, saw a dark mass looming through the mist, and with some difficulty made out that it was a wreck. She even saw a few figures clinging to its bows.

In one moment she was at her father's side.

"Oh, father, see, there is a wreck about a mile from here, and some poor creatures are clinging to it. What shall we do to save them?"

"God help them!" answered the old man, sadly, "for no human help can reach them there, the sea will soon swallow them, wreck and all. We can do nothing; it is too rough."

"Oh, father! father! we cannot see the poor creatures lost before our eyes!" cried Grace, "let us try and save them. God will help them through us, perhaps. Pray come, we cannot stay here and see them perish without making an effort to save them." And though the stout old seaman shook his head, declaring that it was throwing away their lives, the brave girl persuaded him to launch the boat and put to sea with her. No slight peril, little folks, I can assure you, for these rocks are rugged and the coast dangerous, at the best of times.

And a fearful journey it was, as Grace and her father made their way, often in danger of foundering on the rocks, or of being dashed to pieces, boat and all. But still they toiled on, and never thought of turning back. Our delicate Grace knew little about rowing, for she had only been a little way out sometimes, when the sea was very calm, but now she worked like any man, straining every nerve to rescue those poor suffering people from their awful position. With streaming hair and tearful eyes she worked, cheering on her father, and praying aloud for strength. I wonder how those poor people on the wreck felt when they first beheld the little boat, and heard the kindly voices calling to them across the waters! How anxiously they must have watched its approach, and how surprised they must have felt, when at last it came near enough through the angry beating waves for them to distinguish that their preservers were only a grizzled old man and a fair slight girl.

At length the whole nine of the survivors were rescued. Half dead and cold with despair, they were dragged off from the broken spars, and soon found themselves in the little boat—saved! some weeping, some pinching themselves, believing that they must be dreaming; some, we hope, thanking God in humble gratitude, but all blessing the calm and earnest pair who had ventured so much to save them.

And the mother and her two children?

The mother was still alive; but the two little ones were dead on her bosom.

It was ebb tide, and had not some of the wrecked party been able to row, I do not know how they would ever have got back to Longstone. As it was they did return in safety, but it was some days before they could again leave it, for the sea dashed about the island as though angry at having lost its prey.

Don't you think, children, that Grace Darling was a true heroine? I do.

VANITY makes men ridiculous, pride odious, and ambition terrible.

## Old America.

BY G. M. O.

### ANCIENT RUINS.

(Continued.)

IN Yucatan, a peninsula which lies north of the great forest, the remains of ancient cities are abundant. M. Charnay found "the country covered with them from north to south." Mr. Stephens states in his work on Yucatan that he visited "forty-four ruined cities and places," most of which were unknown to white men, even those inhabiting the country. Previous to the Spanish conquest Yucatan was called Maya. The natives still use this as the true name of the country.

When Cordova landed on the coast in 1517 Yucatan was much more populous than at present. The people had more civilization, more industry and more wealth; they had cities and large towns, and dwelling houses built of timber. They were much more highly skilled in the arts of civilized life. The Maya kingdom was broken up by a rebellion about one hundred years previous to the arrival of the Spaniards. According to the Maya chronicles the downfall occurred in the year 1420, when the capital city, Mayapan, was destroyed, and never afterwards inhabited. Merida, the present capital, was built on the site of an ancient Maya city called Titoo. Old Spanish records state that it was built on that site because there was in the ruins an abundance of building material. Mr. Stephens noticed in some of the buildings "sculptured figures from the ruins of ancient buildings." The remains of the ancient city of Mayapan are spread over an extensive plain, overgrown by trees and other vegetation. The most prominent object seen is a great mound sixty feet high and one hundred feet square at the base. Four stairways twenty-five feet wide, in a ruined condition, lead up to an esplanade within six feet of the top, which is reached by a smaller stairway. The summit is a plain stone platform fifteen feet square. Sculptured stones are scattered over the mound and at its base, and subterranean chambers have been discovered in the mound. Another remarkable edifice, a circular stone building, twenty-five feet in diameter, stands on a foundation of a pyramidal form, thirty-five feet high. On a terrace projecting from this mound was a double row of columns eight feet apart.

Mr. Baldwin says: "Brasseur de Bourbourg classes some of the foundations at Mayapan with the oldest seen at Palenque and Copan. This point, however, cannot be determined with sufficient accuracy to remove all doubt. Mayapan may have stood upon the foundations of a very ancient city, which was several times rebuilt, but the city destroyed in 1420 could not have been as old as either Palenque or Copan."

About seventeen leagues south of the city of Merida are the ruins of Uxmal. They have been regarded as the most important in Yucatan, chiefly because they have been more visited and more explored than the others. Circumstantial evidence appears to warrant the supposition that this city had not been wholly deserted at the time of the conquest, although it had previously begun to go to ruin. However, it was wholly deserted and in ruins in 1673. The area covered by its remains is a league or more in diameter. The most important of the ruined buildings was named by the Spaniards "Casa del Gobernador" (House of the Governor.) It is, like all the

other important buildings, situated on an artificial elevation, which rises in three terraces from the level plain. The first terrace is 575 feet long, 3 feet high and 15 feet broad; the second is 20 feet high, 250 feet wide and 545 feet long; the third, on which stands the stately edifice, is 19 feet high, 30 feet broad and 360 feet long. The sides of all are supported by substantial stone walls, rounded at the angles. In the centre of the platform of the second terrace commences a stairway 130 feet wide, and leading up to the third terrace in front of the building, the facade of which is 322 feet long. The walls of the palace are constructed entirely of stone. From the base to the cornice, which runs around the building immediately above the doorways and about half the height of the building, is presented a smooth surface; but above the cornice, the four sides of the building present one solid mass of rich, complicated and elaborately sculptured series of ornaments. Eleven doorways are in the front of the building, and one at each end, while the back is one solid mass of masonry, nine feet thick, without doorways or openings of any kind. Above the doorways the ornamentation is very rich and elaborate, representing small human figures with head dresses of plumes, that above the centre door being larger than the others. The roof of this building is flat, and was originally covered with cement. The two principal rooms are sixty feet long and thirteen feet wide. The lintels of the doorways have all been of wood; some were still in their places, and in very good condition, when examined by Mr. Stephens. This is no proof against the antiquity of the building, as these beams are of a very hard wood, which does not grow in the neighboring forests, but must have been transported from forests three hundred miles distant. On one of these lintels were carved hieroglyphics, similar to those of Copan and Palenque. No stucco figures or carved monoliths, like those found at those two cities, have been found at Uxmal. On the second terrace stands the dilapidated walls of an edifice 94 feet long and 34 feet wide; it is finished in a still more simple style than the great building on the upper terrace. The figures of turtles sculptured along the upper edge of the cornice have given it the name of "Casa de la Tortugas" (House of the Turtles.) The rectangular court enclosed by the walls of this building was paved with stones, each six inches square and exquisitely cut in demi-relief with the accurate figure of a tortoise, and arranged in groups of four, with the heads of the tortoises together. The number required to cover the court is said to have been 46,660. On the same terrace are other remains, but in so ruinous a condition as to be indescribable. Such is, for instance, an oblong structure 200 feet long, by 15 feet wide, and about three feet high, along the foot of which runs a range of pedestals and broken columns. Near the "House of the Governor" are two buildings, each 128 feet long and 30 feet deep; they stand opposite each other, 70 feet apart; they are precisely similar in plan and ornaments, of which the coils of serpents have formed the principal part. These edifices have no doorways or openings of any kind, and when broken into, proved to be nothing but solid walls. In the centre of each wall, and exactly opposite to each other, are the remains of two large stone rings.

Another important edifice is situated 240 feet south of these structures; it has been named the "Casa de las Monjas" (House of the Nuns.) It stands on a terraced foundation, and is arranged around a quadrangular courtyard 258 feet one way, and 214 feet the other. The front building is 279 feet long, and has a gateway ten feet eight inches wide, with four doors on each side of it, leading into the court. These buildings

are more richly ornamented than the "House of the Governor," "surpassing any other now seen in the ruins." On the side facing the entrance of the main building high turret-like towers crowned the doorways, all covered with sculptured ornaments.

The next building stands on an artificial mound, oblong in form, but not cut into terraces, rising very steep from the plain, and accessible by a range of uncommonly steep steps. This building is of stone, exceedingly plain from the base to the cornice over the doorways, and from this to the roof elaborately sculptured. From the front of this building runs an incline 22 feet long, paved with cement, and leading to the roof of a building occupying a lower position, and the walls of which are likewise richly sculptured. This group of buildings goes under the name of the "House of the Dwarf." Another group of buildings, built of stone and covered with stucco ornaments, has been called the "Casa de las Palomas" (House of the Pigeons), from the peculiar appearance of the gables, which are perforated with small oblong holes, having some resemblance to pigeon houses. Other less important buildings have been described by explorers, some of which stand on high, pyramidal mounds. And inscriptions are found here, but they are not so numerous as at Palenque and Copan.

It must be remembered that the different names given to these buildings are entirely unconnected with their past history, or with the edifices themselves, and have only been applied by writers in consequence of some fancied resemblance.

Our space will not permit us to describe the many other buildings crowning terraces and pyramids and hidden in the dense mass of foliage that covers the site of Uxmal.

(To be Continued.)

## A LIFE SKETCH.

DR. SILAS WALSH one day sat in his office reading a very interesting book. It was a part of his business, this reading, for the book was of a science within the scope of his profession. He was comparatively a young man, and had the reputation of being an excellent physician. While he read, some one rang his office bell. He laid aside the book and went to the door, and when he saw what was on the stepping stone he was indignant.

He was a ragged, dirty boy, known in Ernsworth as "Hammer Jim"—ragged and dirty, and with all the vileness of the slum about him—a boy vicious and profane, against whom every other boy in town was warned—a boy who was called a thief and a villain, whom no effort of the overseers had been able to reclaim, and who seemed to care for nothing but to make people afraid of him. His true name, as the overseers had it, was James Ammerton. About his father nobody in Ernsworth had ever known. His mother had died an inmate of the poor-house.

On the present occasion, Jim's face was not only dirty, but it was bloody; and there was blood upon his grimed and tattered garments.

"Please, sir, won't you fix my head? I've got a hurt."

"What kind of a hurt?" asked the doctor.

"I'm afeard its bad, sir," said the boy, sobbingly. "One of Mr. Dunn's men hit me with a rock—Oh!"

"What did he hit you for?"

"I dono, sir."

"Yes, you do know. What did he throw the stone at you for?"



"Why, sir, I was a pick'n up an apple under one of his trees."

Dr. Walsh would not touch the boy's head with his fingers. There was no need of it. He could see that there was only a scalp-wound, and that the blood had ceased to flow.

"Go home," he said, "and let your folks wash your head, and put on a clean bandage."

"Please, sir, I hain't got no home, and I hain't got no folks."

"You stop somewhere, don't you?"

"I stop at the poor-'us when they don't kick me out."

"Well, my boy you are not going to die from this. Go and get somebody to wash your head; or, go and wash it yourself—and then tie your handkerchief on."

"Please, sir, I hain't got no—"

"Hold up, my boy. I haven't got time to waste. You won't suffer if you go as you are."

And with this Dr. Silas Walsh closed the door, and returned to his book. He had not meant to be unkind; but, really he had not thought there was any need of professional service on his part; and, certainly he did not want that bad boy in his office.

But Dr. Walsh had not been alone cognizant of the boy's visit. There had been a witness at an upper window. The doctor's wife had seen and heard. She was a woman. She was not strong, and resolute, and dignified, like her husband. Her heart was not only tender, but it was used to aching. She had no children living; but there were two little mounds in the churchyard that told her of angels in heaven that could call her mother! Acting upon her impulse, as she was very apt to act, she slipped down, and called the boy, by the back way into the wash-room. He came in, rags, dirt, and all, wondering what was wanted. The sweet voice that had called him had not frightened him. He came in, and stood looking at Mary Walsh, and as he looked his sobbing ceased.

"Sit down, my boy."

He sat down.

"If I will help you, will you try to be good?"

"I can't be good."

"Why not?"

"Cause I can't. Taint in me. Everybody says so."

"But you can try."

"I dono."

"If I should help you, would you be willing to try, to please me?"

"Yes, 'm, I should, certain."

Mrs. Walsh brought a basin of water, and a soft sponge, and with tender hand she washed the boy's head and face. Then, with a pair of scissors, she clipped away the hair from the wound—curling, handsome hair—and found it not a bad one. She brought a piece of sticking plaster, which she fixed upon it, and then brushed the hair back from the broad brow and looked into the boy's face—not a bad face—not an evil face. Shutting out the rags and the dirt, it was really a handsome face.

"What's your name, my boy?"

"Hammer Jim, ma'am; and sometimes ragged Jim."

"I mean, how were you christened?"

"W'ich, 'm?"

"Don't you know what name your parents gave you?"

"O—ye-es. It's down on the 'seers' books, mum, as James Ammerton."

"Well, James, the hurt on your head is not a bad one, and if you are careful not to rub off the plaster it will soon heal up. Are you hungry?"

"Please, ma'am. I haven't eat nothing to-day."

Mrs. Walsh brought out some bread and butter, and a cup of milk, and allowed the boy to sit there in the washroom and eat, and while he ate she watched him narrowly, scanning every feature. Surely, if the science of physiognomy, which her husband studied so much, and with such faith, was reliable, this boy ought to have grand capacities. Once more, shutting out the rags and the filth, and only observing the hair, now glossy and waving, from her dextrous manipulations, over a shapely head, and marking the face, with its eyes of lustrous gray, and a perfect nose, and the mouth like a cupid's bow, and the chin strong, without being un-seemly—seeing this without the dregs, and the boy was handsome. Mrs. Walsh, thinking of the little mounds in the churchyard, prayed to God that she might yet be a happy mother; and if a boy was to bless her maternity, she could not ask that he should be handsomer than she believed she could make this boy.

Jim finished eating, and stood up.

"James," said the little woman—for she was a little woman, and a perfect picture of a loving and lovable little woman—"James, when you are hungry and have nothing to eat, if you will come to this door, I will feed you. I don't want you to go hungry."

"I should like to come, ma'am."

"And if I should feed you when you are hungry, will you try to be good for my sake?"

The boy hung his head and considered. Some might have wondered that he did not answer at once, as a grateful boy ought; but Mrs. Walsh saw deeper than that. The boy was considering how he might answer safely and truthfully.

"If they'd let me be good, ma'am; but they won't," he said, at length.

"Will you try all you can?"

"Yes, 'm—I'll try all I can."

Mrs. Walsh gave the lad a small parcel of food in a paper, and patted his curly head. The boy had not yet shed a tear since the pain of the wound had been assuaged. Some might have thought that he was not grateful; but the little woman could see gratitude in the deeper look of the eye. The old crust was not broken enough yet for tears.

Afterwards Mrs. Walsh told her husband what she had done, and he laughed at her.

"Do you think, Mary, that your kindnes can help that ragged wai?"

"I do not think it will hurt him, Silas."

It was not the first time that Mrs. Walsh had delivered answers to the erudite doctor which effectually stopped discussion.

After that Jim came often to the washroom door, and was fed; and he came cleaner and more orderly with each succeeding visit. At length Mrs. Walsh was informed that a friend was going away into a far distant Western country, to take up land, and make a frontier farm. The thought occurred to her that this might be a good opportunity for James Ammerton. She saw her friend, and brought Jim to his notice, and the result was, that the boy went away with the emigrant adventurers. She heard from her friend a year later that he liked the boy very much. Two years later the emigrant wrote that Jim was a treasure. And Mrs. Walsh showed the letter to her husband; and he smiled and kissed his little wife, and said he was glad.

And he had another source of gladness. Upon her bosom his little wife bore a robust, healthy boy—their own son—who gave promise of life and happiness in the time to come.

(To be Continued.)

UNDER THE SNOW.

From "All the Year Round."

(Continued.)

DECEMBER 25, CHRISTMAS-DAY.—We devoted the day to meditation and prayer. We must be suffering under misfortunes to appreciate properly what the Savior has done for men. Before His advent, how bitter adversity must have been! How easily it must have led to complainings and despair! The reflection is not mine, but my grandfather's.

If I am spared to descend from the mountain, I shall be able to say to my friends, "If you had known, as I have, how needful society is to every individual, you would feel towards one another no other sentiments than those of love and charity. Let us banish into temporary solitude all those who will not understand these things, and who stir up amongst us troubles and war. They will soon understand their folly; they will learn from experience that it is not good for man to be alone; they will love, as they love themselves, that neighbor without whom life would no longer be a blessing, but a chastisement of Providence."

DECEMBER 28.—Yesterday my grandfather had no appetite; but he did not complain of pain. In the evening, after supper, as he was sitting by the corner of the fire, he suddenly turned pale, tottered, and sank down. Without my assistance, he would have fallen into the fire.

I took him in my arms, and with an effort of which I did not believe myself capable, I transported him to his bed, where I first seated him and then laid him at full length. His head and his hands were cold; the blood had rushed towards the heart. I took care not to raise the patient's head, but left it low, and the blood soon flowed back to it. Consciousness returned at the same time.

"Where am I? On the bed?" asked my grandfather.

"Certainly; you turned faint, and I thought it best to lay you there."

"He brought me here! Heaven be praised for it! As I become weaker, he grows stronger," he said. I knelt by the bedside for awhile. At last he consented to drink a little wine, and felt the better for it.

JANUARY 1.—We have been keeping New Year's-day as well as we could; my grandfather exerted himself to cheer up my spirits. He tried to amuse me with conundrums and riddles. We feasted at supper on potatoes cooked in the ashes, toasted cheese and toasted bread sopped in wine. The goat was not forgotten; I picked out the sweetest hay for her provender; she had a clean bed, a double ration of salt, and a triple allowance of caresses.

My grandfather wishes to add a few words in his own handwriting:

"In the name of God, Amen!

"It is possible that I may be taken from my friends, before I can acquaint them with my last wishes. I have no general directions to give respecting the disposal of my property; that duty has been performed long ago; but I wish to acknowledge the care and devotion of my dear grandson, Louis Lopraz, here present. And as it is impossible for me to make him the slightest new year's offering to-day, I beg my heirs to supply the omission by giving him, on my part, my repeater watch; my carbine; my bible, which belonged to my father; and lastly, my steel seal, on which are engraved my initials, which are the same as those of my godson and grandson.

"I am convinced that he will value these slight tokens, for the sake of the affectionate friendship which unites us, and which death itself will not cause to cease.

"Such is my will.

"Signed at the Chalet of Anzindes, the 1st of January.

"LOUIS LOPRAZ."

JANUARY 5.—My grandfather spoke to me this morning about the state of his health without disguising anything. Every word he said is still ringing in my ears.

"My dear boy," he said, after making me sit down by his side, "I can no longer conceal from myself that the close of my life is not far distant. Whether we shall be able to keep united my soul and the portion of dust which is called my body until I can witness your deliverance, is more than I can tell; but I scarcely dare to hope it. My weakness increases with a rapidity which astonishes me; and it is to be presumed that I shall leave you to finish our sad winter quarters alone.

"You will be, I doubt not, more grieved at our separation than alarmed at your loneliness; you will feel more sorrow than fear. But I have sufficient confidence in your pious feelings and your strength of mind to be persuaded that you will not fall into a culpable degree of depression; you will think of your father, whom you will assuredly see again, and that will keep up your courage. A little reflection will convince you that, after my death, you will be exposed to no greater danger in the chalet than you were before. On the contrary, I have rather been a burden to you; you will no longer have famine staring you in the face. I strongly advise you to wait patiently. Do not expose yourself too soon. A few days more or less are not worth reckoning in so long a captivity; and you may risk all by forestalling the favorable moment.

"My dear Louis, I am only uneasy on one account, if I must tell you so: I fear the effect of my death upon your imagination. When you behold this body deprived of life, it will strike you with a feeling of terror, perhaps of horror and disgust, which is very unreasonable, but which many people cannot overcome.

"And why should you be afraid of the remains of your aged friend? Are you afraid of me when I am asleep? The other day, when I fainted, you did not believe me capable of harming you; you saw nothing but the necessity of assisting me, and you did your duty like a courageous man. Well, then, if you should see me fall into that final swoon which is called death, behave with equal presence of mind. My body will require from you only one last service: dare to render it, when nature has warned you that the moment is come. Your strength will be quite sufficient; you gave proof of it the other evening, when you carried me and laid me upon this bed.

"You see that door; it leads to the dairy, where we never go now, because it is useless to us. You will there dig a grave as deep as you can make it, to receive my body, until you return to fetch it in the spring and give it a regular funeral in the village cemetery.

"After those sad moments, you will find this dwelling very lonely; you will shed many tears; you will perhaps call me, and I shall not answer. Do not waste your strength in useless regrets. Address your thoughts solely to Him who never fails to answer when we invoke Him with confidence."

(To be Continued.)

SLANDER is a voice that strikes a double blow, wounding both him that commits and him against whom it is committed.



## The Juvenile Instructor.

GEORGE Q. CANNON, - - - - - EDITOR.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 7, 1875.

### EDITORIAL THOUGHTS.

**R**EFERRING to the last number of the JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR our readers will remember that we mentioned the Spartans and some of the customs which prevailed among them. The Spartans were a very peculiar people, and a few more references to them may not be without profit. One of their law givers was Lycurgus, who was a very remarkable man among even that remarkable people. He made great reforms among them and in many of his acts displayed great wisdom. How he managed to obtain sufficient influence over the people to get them to accept his reforms, is not very clear from history. It is not an easy matter to persuade rich people to divide their substance with the poor and become their equals; but if history can be relied upon, Lycurgus did this. The greater portion of the people of Sparta were so poor that they had not one inch of land of their own, whilst a small number of individuals were possessed of all the lands and wealth of the country. Lycurgus saw that peace and good order and prosperity could not prevail among a people who were in that condition. Extreme poverty and excessive wealth are great evils in all lands and among all people where they exist. The poor are apt to be ignorant, servile and envious; they cannot come up to the dignity of true manhood. The rich are apt to be insolent, tyrannical and luxurious; their riches frequently debase them. Lycurgus appealed to the rich and persuaded them to give up all their lands to the commonwealth, and to make a new division of them. His object was to have all the people live together in a perfect equality, and that no pre-eminence or honors should be given to one more than another, unless it were merited by virtue or honor. It was a most extraordinary thing to propose and to have executed, yet so it was. The lands were divided. But this was not all. He determined to give avarice a blow. He saw that the love of money was a great evil, and he took steps to take from money its value and to make it undesirable. He cried down all gold and silver money, and ordained that iron money should take their place. He made this so very heavy and fixed it at so low a rate, that it required a yoke of oxen and a cart to carry home an amount equal to about one hundred dollars of our money. By this means he hoped to succeed in destroying the love of riches.

Another measure he thought necessary was to suppress the extravagance of expensive meals for private individuals and families. He, therefore, ordained that all the citizens should eat together of the same common victuals, which were prescribed by law. He expressly forbade all private eating at the people's own houses. He arranged for the public meals to be frugal and simple. The poor and rich ate together at the same place, and none were allowed to appear at the public eating rooms who had filled themselves with other diet; because everybody present took particular notice of anyone who did not eat and drink, and the whole company would reproach him for

despising the common food and public table. The best of all their dishes was what they called their "black broth;" and the old men preferred it to everything that was set upon the table. A certain king by the name of Dionysius, who was at one of their meals, was not of the same opinion. He declared that the "black broth" was very insipid. The cook told him that he did not wonder at it, "for," said he, "the seasoning is wanting." "What seasoning?" asked the king. "Running, sweating, fatigue, hunger and thirst; these are the ingredients," said the cook, "with which we season all our food."

The tables consisted of about fifteen persons each, and none could be admitted without the consent of the whole company. Each person furnished his share of the food and a small sum of money for preparing and cooking the victuals. None of them, not even the kings, were allowed to neglect the common meal. One of their kings, a long time after the death of Lycurgus, at his return from a glorious expedition, took the liberty of eating with the queen, his wife; but he was reprimanded and punished therefor.

The children were present at these public tables, in order that they might observe the temperance and listen to the wisdom which were exhibited there. It is said they neither heard nor saw anything that did not tend to their instruction and improvement. No vulgarity was ever indulged in, and if their jesting seemed to make any person uneasy, they never proceeded any farther.

Under such a system as this wealth was not particularly desirable; those who possessed it were not enriched thereby, and there was but little temptation to steal, to defraud one another, or to have lawsuits or dissensions. You may be sure that the rich were not pleased to have to submit to such regulations as these. They naturally liked to display their riches; they would like to eat better food, wear finer clothes and have more luxurious surroundings than the poor. They wanted distinctions to remain, and so enraged were they at the attempt of Lycurgus to destroy inequality that they made considerable trouble. On one occasion there was a tumult of the people, and Lycurgus had one of his eyes knocked out. But he prevailed, and his laws were observed in Sparta about five hundred years. The result of the observance of these laws was that the Spartans became a nation of philosophers. Everything among them tended to inspire the love of virtue and the hatred of vice. The love of their country and of the public good was their chief delight; they did not imagine they belonged to themselves, but to their country. This was an admirable feeling, and led to great results. One anecdote exhibits this feeling. A certain citizen of Sparta, having missed the honor of being chosen one of the three hundred who had a certain rank of distinction in the city, went home extremely pleased and satisfied, saying, "He was overjoyed there were three hundred men in Sparta more worthy than himself."

If a nation whom we call heathens could be so self-denying and devoted to their country, how much more should the children of Zion be full of love for Zion and its institutions, knowing as they do that God has founded Zion!

HARD, horny hands, embrowned by the sun and roughened by labor, are more honorable than white ones that never reached out to help a fellow creature, or added a dollar to the world's wealth.

ILL manners are evidence of low breeding.



SHAM PRODUCTIONS.

**F**EW people have any idea of the extent to which the manufacture of bogus articles of every-day use is carried on in this and other countries, and the perfection reached by those who are engaged in this business in imitating the genuine.

There is in Paris a vast establishment—the most extensive of its kind in the world—where the imitation of pearls, diamonds, and precious stones generally, is carried on with all the skill

which modern ingenuity renders possible, and these productions are sent to the shops of almost every land. Here the process of transforming grains of dirty, heavy-looking sand into diamonds of sparkling hue is constantly going on. The sand thus employed, and upon which the whole art depends, is found in the forests of Fontainebleau; it appears to possess some peculiar qualities of adaptation to this purpose. The coloring of stones in imitation of emeralds and sapphires has been brought to high perfection. There are hundreds of operatives employed at polishing the colored stones and lining the false pearls with fish scales and wax. The scales of roach and dace

are chiefly employed for this purpose; they have to be stripped from the fish while living, or the glistening lines so much admired in the real pearl will not be imitated. These Paris pearls have been of late years so perfect that Roman pearls have to a great extent been superseded. Nor is the manufacture of sham articles confined to jewelry; we have shoddy cloth that looks as good as the genuine, paper leather that requires an expert to detect it, in fact, we might say that almost every genuine article of manufacture has its sham duplicate.

MURDER OF PRINCE ARTHUR.

**M**ANY of our young readers have no doubt heard of King John of England: how he usurped the throne and murdered his nephew, Prince Arthur of Bretagne, the rightful heir. When this prince was only fifteen he married a daughter of Philip of France. This monarch undertook his cause, and sent him, with a great many troops, into Normandy; but here,

while besieging the Castle of Mirabel, he was taken prisoner by his uncle, and with his sister, the damsel of Brittany, carried off prisoner to England. He was at first given in charge of Hubert de Burgh, Governor of the Castle of Falaise, who also received strong hints to destroy his prisoner, but, though a funeral service was performed for him, the young prince was carefully concealed; but the cruel uncle found him and carried him away to Rouen. This raised such an outcry, that King John, thinking he should have no peace while Arthur lived, resolved to destroy him; and went himself in a boat to the Tower of Rouen; and, having run the boy through with



his dagger, carried the body some miles down the Seine, and flung it in. There is some satisfaction in knowing that this cruel deed lost him the whole of Normandy. The following very old ballad, written on the tragic event, may interest our readers:

'Mong hills and woodlands many a mile  
Seine roll'd his mourn'ring flood;  
And winding, washed the stately towers,  
Where Rouen's castle stood.



From an old tower of drearie height,  
Forlorn, through Gothic grate,  
The hapless prince looked o'er the flood,  
And mourned his hapless fate.

"Ye winds that rove the forests free,  
Why roar ye as ye blow?  
Ye waves, that dash against the towers,  
Why murmur as ye flowe?"

"How blest were I, ye winds and waves,  
If I like you could rove;  
Like you could wind my cheerful way,  
Through forest, hill, and grove.

"Full many a day hath told its hours  
Since I have sighed for peace;  
And many a day must still roll on  
Ere my misfortune cease.

"My sole employ to count the woes,  
That fill up my despair—  
A mother's tears I cannot wipe;  
A crown I cannot wear.

"A lovely sister in my cause  
Debar'd of liberty;  
A thousand friends, or captives made,  
Or slain in fight for me.

"Oh, would I were a peasant swain!  
Of humble lineage born;  
Contented would I tend my flock,  
Nor heed the proud man's scorn.

"Contented, by our humble cot,  
From morn to eve I'd toil;  
And think right bounteous my reward,  
Dear mother, in thy smile."

The hollow towers and windy walls,  
His sighs re-echoed round;  
The distant hills in dying moans,  
Return'd the plaintive sound.

And now, though all around was dark,  
The stormy rain did fall,  
A boat came rowing down the stream,  
Beneath the castle wall.

The night birds screamed a cry of dread,  
The death bell thrice did ring;  
And thrice at Arthur's window bars,  
A raven flap'd its wings.

And soon was heard the voice of men,  
Low whispering at the walle;  
Unhappy Arthur, struck with dread,  
To heaven for help did call.

He heard the gate creak on the hinge,  
That led to his abode;  
"Now Heaven befriend me!" Arthur cried,  
"For this bodes me no good."

And now came in the tyrant John,  
With ruffians all arowe;  
A bloody sword was in his hand,  
A frown upon his browe.

As dreads the lambe, when suddenly  
He sees the wolf appear;  
So hapless Arthur waxed pale,  
To find his fate so near.

Then kneeling quick upon his knee  
And dropping many a tear,  
He strove to soothe the tyrant's rage  
With many a piteous prayer.

"Oh, uncle! change that cruel frown,  
That dark, determined browe;  
See, see me, though unused to kneel,  
Lay at thy feet thus lowe.

"And canst thou kill me, uncle dear?  
And canst thou make me bleed?  
And canst thou slay thy brother's child,  
Who at thy feet doth plead?"

"Yes, Arthur, yes! thou now must die!"  
The ruthless tyrant cried;  
"Thy boasted title to my crown  
Shall no more wound my pride."

"Ah, cruel uncle! stay thy hand;  
The deed too late thou'lt mourn:  
For well I know its dread effects  
Shall shake thee from thy throne."

"Enough!" the angry tyrant cries,  
The night wears fast away;  
Turn thee to God, for thou must die  
Before the dawn of day."

Well may ye scream ye birds of night,  
As round the tower ye stray;  
For they have slain the hapless prince  
Before the dawn of day.

Yes, they have slain the hapless prince,  
Ere he had time to pray;  
And thrown his body in the Seine,  
Before the dawn of day.

They've buried the prince in a watery grave,  
With all the speed they may;  
And tyrant John, with the curse of Heaven,  
Hath bided him on his way.

## SUNDAY LESSONS. FOR LITTLE LEARNERS.

ON THE HISTORY OF JOSEPH SMITH, THE PROPHET.—LESSON XV.

Q.—Why did not Joseph translate all that was on the plates?

A.—Because part of them were sealed.

Q.—Will that part ever be translated?

A.—Yes, in the due time of the Lord.

Q.—When Joseph was taking the plates home, what happened?

A.—Two men attacked him.

Q.—What for?

A.—To try and get the plates from him.

Q.—What did they do?

A.—One of them struck him with a club.

Q.—Did they get them from him?

A.—No; he being a strong man, got away from them.

Q.—Did they follow him?

A.—Yes, they chased him till he came near his father's house.

Q.—Did anybody else try to get them?

A.—Yes; mobs often surrounded the house.

Q.—Did they succeed in either injuring him or getting the plates?

A.—No.

Q.—Did any body ever try to shoot him.

A.—Yes, several times.

Q.—In what other manner did his enemies try to injure him?

A.—By circulating lies about him.

Q.—Who preserved him from those wicked people?

A.—God.

TRUE glory consists in doing what deserves to be written, in writing what deserves to be read, and in so living as to make the world happier and better for our living in it.



## HOME.

BY ROLLO.

"HOME is not merely four square walls, with pictures hung and gilded." No; home is something higher, nobler and purer than all this. It is at home that we always find a welcome when sorrow or oppression overtakes us. Lucky is the man who has a home; for even though it may be the veriest hovel, when a man is out in the world, there is nothing that will affect him so much as a conversation about home. It will bring to his mind scenes and incidents that occurred many years past. He will see his brothers and sisters gamboling around the same places where he was wont to mingle with them. Many a strong-hearted man, as brave as a lion, away from home and friends, has wept when the remembrances of home have been brought up before him. It is at home that the most pleasant scenes of life have been passed; and go where you will, you will scarcely ever receive that kind love and attention that you have experienced at home, even though you have countless wealth at your command.

The remembrance of home has made many a criminal shudder and contemplate his present state of existence, and compare it with that of the past. He will see in himself a hard-hearted man, old in sin and wickedness, but still, perhaps, young in years. He will also see in his mind a young child, all love and innocence, playing with others in front of the old homestead. Can it be possible that he is that child, grown in years, developed in stature, and matured in sin? Alas! it is only too true. How harrowing to him must be the contrast between the two pictures! Then it is that the full weight of his prodigality comes home to him, and the evils of his life stand out in bold relief before him.

And yet how many boys and girls have been driven to desperation by the manner in which they are treated at home! Said a boy to me, not long since, when remonstrated with about the company he was keeping and his general bad habits: "I know I shouldn't do it; but, then, I don't get any encouragement to do better. When I'm at home father does nothing but growl from morning till night. I can't do anything to please him; and if I do try hard to do the work well that he gives me, I get nothing but growls for my pains, whether it's done good or bad. I feel completely tired of life, and don't care what becomes of me!" He may have overrated it somewhat, but there are many youths who are in that same predicament.

Parents should remember that they themselves were once young, and should treat their offspring accordingly. They should remember that they did not know anything until it was taught to them, and that their children have got to be taught as well as they. Some of them say, "You have got a better education than I ever had, and what more do you want?" I answer, a great deal more. Remember that the future of your children is in your hands. It is destined to be either happy or miserable; and who is to make it happy or miserable? You; the parents. You, who gave children birth, are as much responsible for their future as you are for their existence. Their character is yet undecided, and their destiny is placed in your hands. Should the child prove a liar, you might have prevented it. Should it prove a drunkard, you might have prevented it. Should it lead a life of misery to itself and mischief to others, you might have prevented it. Should it descend into the grave with an evil memory behind, and dread before, you might have prevented it. Yes, you, the parents,

might have prevented all this. Will you, or will you not? Or will you in your search for pleasure, fashion or folly, or even in your household cares, neglect the soul of your child, and leave your little innocent to be exposed to evil, temptation and ruin? Such disastrous results can be avoided, and it is the duty of parents to take a course to avoid them. Make home so pleasant that your children will not go away to find pleasure and amusement; and in the end you will be rewarded for your trouble.

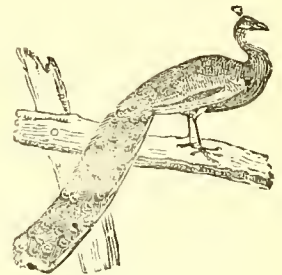
## BIRDS.

(Continued.)

THE King bird of Paradise is as beautiful as it is rare. The whole upper parts of the body are rich chestnut with a wash of purple, and the under portions of the body are pure white. Across the chest is drawn a band of light golden-green, and from the sides and below the shoulders spring a series of feathers disposed so as to form a plume, their color being dusky brown tipped with vivid green.



THE BIRD OF PARADISE.



THE PEACOCK.

THE Peacock may safely be termed one of the most magnificent of the feathered tribe; and may even lay a well-founded claim to the chief rank among birds, in splendor of plumage and effulgence of coloring.

The Peacock is an Asiatic bird, the ordinary species being found chiefly in India; and Javanese Peacocks are extremely common, flocking together in bands of thirty or forty in number, covering the trees with their splendid plumage, and filling the air with their horribly dissonant voices.

BOYS, READ AND HEED THIS.—Character grows; it is not something to put on, ready made, with womanhood or manhood; but, day by day, here a little, and there a little, it grows with the growth and strengthens with the strength.

Look at a man of business—prompt, reliable, conscientious, yet clear-headed and energetic. When do you suppose he developed all these admirable qualities? When he was a boy. Let us see the way in which a boy of ten years gets up in the morning, works, plays, studies, and we will tell you what kind of a man he will make. The boy who is late at breakfast and late at school, stands a poor chance to be a prompt man. The boy who neglects his duties, be they ever so small, and then excuses himself by saying: "I forgot! I didn't think!" will never be a noble, generous, kindly man—a gentleman in the same way.

MEN make themselves ridiculous, not so much by the qualities they have as by the affectation of those which they have not.—



## Questions and Answers

### ON THE BIBLE.

#### FIRST BOOK OF SAMUEL.

##### LESSON XCIII.

- Q.—What did the people then say unto Samuel?  
 A.—“Who is he that said, Shall Saul reign over us? find the men, that we may put them to death.”
- Q.—What did Saul say?  
 A.—“There shall not a man be put to death this day: for to-day the Lord hath wrought salvation in Israel.”
- Q.—What then did Samuel say to the people?  
 A.—“Come, and let us go to Gilgal, and renew the kingdom there.”
- Q.—When the people went to Gilgal what was done there?  
 A.—“They made Saul king before the Lord.”
- Q.—What else did they do?  
 A.—“They sacrificed sacrifices of peace before the Lord.”
- Q.—What also is said?  
 A.—“And there Saul and all the men of Israel rejoiced greatly.”
- Q.—What did Samuel then say unto all Israel?  
 A.—“Behold, I have hearkened unto your voice in all that ye said unto me, and have made a king over you.”
- Q.—What was the people's reply when Samuel enquired concerning his integrity?  
 A.—“Thou hast not defrauded us, neither hast thou taken aught of any man's hand.”
- Q.—What did the people acknowledge after Samuel rehearsed to them the dealings of the Lord?  
 A.—That they had greatly sinned against him.
- Q.—What sign did the Lord give to the people in answer to Samuel's prayer?  
 A.—He sent thunder and rain during wheat harvest.
- Q.—What effect did this have upon the people?  
 A.—They greatly feared the Lord and Samuel.
- Q.—What did the people then say unto Samuel?  
 A.—“Pray for thy servants unto the Lord thy God that we die not: for we have added unto all our sins this evil, to ask us a king.”
- Q.—What was Samuel's reply to them?  
 A.—“Fear not: ye have done all this wickedness: yet turn not aside from following the Lord, but serve the Lord with all your heart.”
- Q.—What did he say concerning the Lord?  
 A.—“For the Lord will not forsake his people for his great name's sake: because it hath pleased the Lord to make you his people.”
- Q.—What did he say concerning himself?  
 A.—“God forbid that I should sin against the Lord in ceasing to pray for you: but I will teach you the good and right way.”
- Q.—What did he say to them, if they still did wickedly?  
 A.—“Ye shall be consumed, ye and your king.”
- Q.—What did Saul do when he had reigned two years over Israel?  
 A.—He chose three thousand men.
- Q.—How many were with him?  
 A.—Two thousand.
- Q.—Who had the other thousand men?  
 A.—Jonathan.
- Q.—What did Saul do with the rest of the people?  
 A.—He sent every man to his tent.
- Q.—What did Jonathan do with his thousand men?  
 A.—He smote the garrison of the Philistines that was in Geba.
- Q.—What did Saul then cause to be done?  
 A.—That it should be known throughout the land.
- Q.—What was the result?  
 A.—The people came to Saul at Gilgal.

## Questions and Answers

### ON THE BOOK OF MORMON.

#### REIGN OF THE JUDGES.

##### LESSON XCIII.

- Q.—After Moroni had sufficiently fortified the city of Bountiful, what did he cause the prisoners to do?  
 A.—He caused them to build a wall, surrounding the place where they were kept.
- Q.—How did Moroni employ his troops during the remainder of the year?  
 A.—He ordered them to make every preparation and to collect food for the armies.
- Q.—By reason of dissensions among the Nephites what were the Lamanites on the west enabled to do?  
 A.—They succeeded in getting possession of a number of cities in that part of the land.
- Q.—Who occupied the land of Zarahemla?  
 A.—The Ammonites.
- Q.—When they saw the Nephites in danger of being overpowered, what did they want to do?  
 A.—They desired to take up arms and assist them.
- Q.—What restrained them from doing this?  
 A.—Helaman reminded them of the vow they had made—never to take up arms for war.
- Q.—Were the Nephites then left without any assistance?  
 A.—No; the young men of the Ammonites, who had not made any such oath, covenanted to assist their friends.
- Q.—How many of them were there?  
 A.—Ten thousand.
- Q.—Who was chosen for leader?  
 A.—Helaman.
- Q.—In the beginning of the twenty-ninth year of the Judges' reign, what did Ammoron do?  
 A.—He sent to Moroni, asking an exchange of prisoners.
- Q.—Did Moroni feel pleased at receiving this request?  
 A.—Yes; he wanted to strengthen his armies, and he wanted the food for his own people which was being consumed by his Lamanite prisoners.
- Q.—Had Moroni taken many women and children prisoners?  
 A.—No; his prisoners were all men.
- Q.—Was this the case with the prisoners taken by the enemy?  
 A.—No; many were women and children.
- Q.—In order to obtain as many Nephites as possible from the Lamanites, what did Moroni offer to do?  
 A.—He replied to Ammoron that he would exchange prisoners only on condition that for every Lamanite prisoner given up, a man and his family of the Nephite captives should be exchanged.
- Q.—What did Moroni threaten to do unless Ammoron withdrew his troops?  
 A.—To attack them and destroy them all.
- Q.—What was Ammoron's reply?  
 A.—He consented to exchange on such a condition, but said he did not fear the Nephites.
- Q.—What reason did Ammoron give for wishing an exchange of prisoners?  
 A.—That he might get his fighting men back, and would then wage an eternal war.
- Q.—Was Moroni willing to exchange when he learned of Ammoron's intention?  
 A.—No; but he determined upon a stratagem.
- Q.—What did he first require?  
 A.—A descendant of Laman.
- Q.—Did he find such a one?  
 A.—Yes, and his name was Laman.



## SANDWICH ISLANDS.

EXTRACTS FROM THE EDITOR'S JOURNAL.

(Concluded.)

The upper crust of the lava is cellular, something like honey-comb, and very light and porous, and cracked under the feet like coal cinders. We felt our way carefully with our poles, like men passing over a frozen lake. There were several ridges of rock thrown up, and as we approached the vicinity of the fire, we came to a hill resembling a limekiln, which emitted a thick, large body of smoke and steam. It was composed of a variety of earth and rock, and seemed to be the chimney stack of the crater. I climbed up, and looked down a hole from which a sulphurous smoke and vapor arose, the inhalation of which involved considerable danger. The sides of this chimney, like those we visited at the *Kiona* close to the brink of the precipice the previous evening, were covered with crystals of a yellow color. We tried to ascertain its depth by throwing stones down, but we could not hear them strike the bottom. Within a few feet of this was another very large chimney, out of which a dense smoke issued, so dense as to preclude a view of the interior; it was a dangerous experiment peeping into this chimney, owing to the precarious nature of the footing; one false step would have proved fatal to the explorer. This, we were told by the guide, was all included, a few years ago, in the pit or crater that was constantly active; of late years it has decreased to its present size, and only occasionally breaks forth in any other place.

Leaving this, the guide led us over places that looked dangerous and very risky, and I felt that we were indeed treading on a volcano, and we had to be careful where we stepped. A feeling of awe very naturally crept over me, and I felt how very insignificant man is, and how little he knows of the works and operations of his Maker.

While going from, what I call, the chimney stack of the crater towards the pit or caldron, we had great difficulty in breathing, on account of the strong sulphurous smoke which the former emitted and which the wind carried in the direction we were going. When we came to the edge of the pit, a sight met my eyes which I think I shall never forget, and which surpassed, in sublimity and grandeur, anything I had ever witnessed or imagined; language is too faint to convey any of my feelings; I could not repress my exclamations of delight and admiration, it so far exceeded what I had read in written descriptions, or what I expected to see. I felt amply repaid for all my toil in beholding this awfully grand and stupendous work of the Creator.

The pit we judged to be about fifty or sixty feet deep, with perpendicular sides, nearly round, and about, as near as we could judge, one hundred yards across. The strongest heat seemed to be round the edges; and in one side there were two large holes, very close together, which looked more like the mouths of two very large furnaces than anything else I ever saw. Here the melted lava or matter was in constant motion, a perfect mass of liquid fire, surging and heaving like the waves of the sea, with a noise which the paddles of a steam vessel sailing in the ocean slightly resembled—it was truly a magnificent sight. Before we reached the caldron, the sound of the spouting and surging matter resembled the booming of heavy artillery at a distance.

The surface of the matter while quiescent, was black, with beautiful red veins here and there through it; it had a movement—sometimes flowing quickly, other times slowly—from the

north-east to south-west, to the places where it was raging so violently. It was surprising to see with what ease it would melt this stony mass and convert it again into a fluid, throwing it out sometimes with great force. Occasionally it would roll up in other parts of this vast caldron, red and fiery, with a slow, heavy movement, twisting and curling in all manner of shapes, and again relapsing into its former position. Where it was black, a stone would indent it, but not sink out of sight.

We found great quantities of capillary glass; or as the natives call it *Pele's hair*, believing it to be the goddess' hair—but, owing to the want of facilities for preserving it, we brought but little away.

A party of natives had been here, so we were told, a few days before, throwing the bones of a relative into the volcano, with hogs, fowls, &c.—sacrifices to propitiate Madam "Pele". The pit is called by the natives *ka lua o Iele*, (the pit of Pele.) "Pele" was formerly, and is now by many, believed to be a goddess, younger sister of Papa, the woman that brought forth the islands, according to the old legend; the first-born being Hawaii, and the last Kauai and Niilau.

Pele, it is said, came from *Kahiki*, (foreign lands,) with her brothers and sisters, and lived first at Kauai, from thence to Oahu, thence to Molokai, thence to Maui, and finally, took up her residence on this island, Hawaii, where she still continues to maintain it. The quiescent craters on all these islands give evidence of the existence of active volcanoes on them in ages past.

The Hawaiians believed in a plurality of gods, and "Pele" was worshiped in conjunction with the rest; her place of residence or *lua*, was believed to be the place where all the spirits of good chiefs and men went to dwell; the bad ones going to the *po* or place of darkness in the centre of the earth—the dominions of Milu, the Pluto of the Hawaiians.

The practice of throwing the bones of dead relatives into the volcano, used to be, and is quite common among the worshippers of this goddess. Their idea is, that if "Pele" is pleased with the sacrifice she will consume the bones, and the spirit of the deceased will be permitted to return as a familiar spirit, and be with one of the family; if the sacrifice is not acceptable the bones are thrown out of the caldron.

We stood on the brink of the caldron watching it bubbling and hissing, and it seemed, in looking at the liquid mass, as though the popular theory of a central fire was somewhat plausible. I thought I should never be tired looking at it, but as we had a journey of eighteen miles before us, we were reminded to be stirring.

In returning, the guide led us back another way over a lower portion of the pit or sea of lava; it seemed to be very little above the level of the burning matter in the caldron. He pointed out to us several places where there had been recent eruptions, leaving large craters or pits, the bottoms of which presented a similar appearance to that portion of the field over which we were walking, having cooled and preserved its wave-like appearance.

On our return from Waiakea towards Upolu we had a meeting house to dedicate at a place called Pololu, and the Saints here had prepared a feast on the occasion. As an account of a Hawaiian feast may be interesting to our juveniles we will describe this one. The vegetable portion of the feast consisted of *poi*. This, as we have before described to you, is made out of the *kalo*, a root somewhat in shape resembling the ruta baga turnip. It is made about as thick as paste, and is allowed to ferment and become sour before it is eaten. It is not kept in dishes of earthenware but in a calabash, some of which are



very large and will hold several gallons of the food. On this occasion the people sat on the ground on mats. For table cloths there were large green leaves of the plant called *kī*. On these were placed packages of beef, pork, fowls, dog, goat, done up in the leaves in which they had been cooked. Fish also was served up in this manner. As soon as the blessing was asked every one dipped his or her two forefingers into the *poi*, and lifting as much as the fingers would hold, they passed them into their mouths, throwing their heads back as they did so, to get a good mouthful. The hogs, chickens and little dogs were speedily dissected, the fingers being the only knives, forks and spoons used among them. The scene was one of true enjoyment. The Sandwich islander is never so happy, so musical, so full of pleasant talk as when seated at a good meal; and the quantity one eats on such occasions would astonish an American who had never seen them. They are very particular about having their hands clean, and eating with due respect to each other's rights. One waits for the other to put his fingers in the *poi*, and their ideas of decorum and manners such as they are, are as strict as ours. We elders who ate with them were also seated on mats and ate the same kind of food that they did, only in place of using our fingers we either used spoons or small paddles which we whittled out of wood to convey the food to our mouths, thinking it would be better to set them an example in this respect. I scarcely think though that any of our party would prefer dog meat to beef, goat or chicken, though I must say that if it were not for prejudice I think the dog meat as wholesome and as clean as the pork; for the dogs which they eat in that country are a peculiar breed, the flesh of which is very sweet and tender. They are very particular in feeding them; they keep them cleaner and do not give them such disagreeable food as they do to their hogs. But there is something repugnant to people raised as we have been, in the idea of eating dog meat. A story was told me by Brother Napela of a trick which he and some other natives played off on some white men at a feast which they partook of at a place called Waikapu on the island of Maui. The white men were merchants from Lithuania, and had been invited over to this feast. They had meats and fish of every kind nearly, and among the rest had a number of roasted pigs and roasted dogs. One of the natives suggested as a good trick to play on the white men that they sever the heads of the pigs and put them with the dogs and take the dogs' heads and put them with the pigs. They did so. Of course the merchants did not want to eat dog meat and would not touch any of the meat where the dogs' heads were, but ate heartily of what they supposed were pigs. The natives tried to persuade them to eat the other meat. "Oh, no," they said, "these delicious pigs are good enough for us," and they would not touch the other. I may say here that the native method of cooking meat is far ahead of ours. They contrive to preserve all the juices of the meat in it while it is being cooked. Nothing was said to the merchants about the trick that had been played upon them until after the feast was ended, and they could not be persuaded that they had eaten dogs until the bones were shown to them, which they knew not to be those of pigs. They tried hard to be sick at the thought of having eaten dog meat, but had to confess that it was as good meat as they ever ate. An unsuspecting person, if served with dog meat, would never dream that it was anything but sucking pig.

REMEMBER, when incited to slander, that it is only he among you who is without sin that can cast the first stone.

## MILITARY ANTS.

A GENTLEMAN of this city, one morning recently, while walking in his garden, observed two columns of ants crossing the path in opposite directions. Upon noticing the curious movements closely, he saw that those going in one direction carried the bodies of ants which he supposed to be dead, while those going the other way seemed to have deposited their burdens, and were returning to get new loads. It was his first impression that the ants were engaged in stocking a new cemetery with their illustrious dead. In order to note what effect a disturbance of their line would create, he dropped a little sand upon the column. Instantly the apparently inanimate ants sprang to the ground and became vigorously alive, while the carriers retreated in a pusillanimous fashion. As more grains were dropped the ants became very pugnacious, rearing up and attacking each grain furiously. From this singular conduct the gentleman concluded that the ants were the fighting members of the tribe, a sort of mounted infantry that was being transported across the country to guard some new frontier settlement, and that, as soon as the grains began to fall upon the column, the ants, thinking enemies had opened a fire from their catapults, allowed the warriors to dismount and pitch into action, while the carriers beat a retreat out of danger. In view of the circumstances, such a conclusion seems warranted. At any rate, antkind has been regarded since Solomon's time as exceedingly clever in all matters of domestic and social economy, and there is no telling to what degree of intelligence it has attained in the progressive age. Who knows but what we daily tread under our feet ant republics and insect empires, among which civil wars are progressing that necessitate the maintenance of standing armies at the public expense?—*Selected.*

## ENIGMA.

BY ED. E. BRAIN.

I AM composed of 7 letters:

My 5, 1, 2, 7 is an apartment of a house;

My 3, 6, 3, 4, 1 is a beverage;

My 3, 4, 1, 2 is something that is used by blacksmiths;

My 3, 6, 4, 7 is just what's the matter with ice;

My whole is a great king that governs many thousands.

THE answer to the Enigma published in No. 13 is "GANGES." We have received correct solutions from Lydia L. Allred and Luanna A. Booth, St. Charles; Edith M. Thurston and Wm. Moroni Daines, Hyde Park; Enos L. Stookey, Shambip; M. A. Burnham, Richmond; Z. W. Derriek, J. D. Irvine, W. T. Cooper, Nellie T. Cooper, Louie Snelgrove, Daniel Spencer, "Rollo" and E. H. Brooks, Salt Lake City.

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